The Reward of Loyalty,

Being a *SONG* of the times, adviſing every man to be faithful to God, Loyal to his King, and honeſt to his Neighbour, and not to meddle with State Affairs.

To the Tune of *Hark the Thundering Cannons Rore.*

I.

LOyalty's a Noble thing,
Service done unto a King;
Honour, and Reward doth bring,
And flys up to Promotion;
Treaſon is a trick of State,
Which the Devil makes a bait,
To a proud aſpiring Pait,
To overturn a Nation.

II.

I never knew (ſince time began)
An open Rogue, and great Trapan
Turn a True, and Faithful Man
To GOD, or yet be Loyal.
He who to a KING that's brave
Proves a falſe deceitful Knave
Is Seditions ſimple Slave,
Be true to *JAMES* the Royal.

III.

Newgate Traytour tell me now,
What turns all thy Projects too?
And Exploits thou thought to do
Againſt the Lords Anointed,
Rebels that the Nation hate
Muſt ſubmit to Divine Fate
Which Ruleth both the Church & State,
And runs as GOD appointed.

IV.

Ne'r was KING of more Renown,
Then Great *James* that wears the *Crown;*
Rebels Names he doth write down,
Until he be at leaſure.
Loyaliſts he doth requite,
Gratitude is his delight,
But the Raſcal Rout doth ſlight:
He's juſt as was Old *Cæſar.*

V.

When *Hogan Mogan* did diſdain
To take on *Brittains Yoak* again,
He led the Fleet unto the Main,
And bravely did behave him.
When Brains and Bullets fled about,
He prov'd himſelf both wiſe, and ſtout;
And cry'd, *Let's have the other bout,*
We will both Fight and Slave them.

VI.

He is the Firſt Rate-Sovereign Blood,
Laden with the Kingdoms good,
Toſs'd betwixt the Wind and Flood,
When providence enſureth.
Though the Church Religious Vail
Were made Treaſons higheſt Sail
The hope of *Hypocrites* would fail,
For Truth alone endureth.

VII.

Heap me a rouſing Glaſs with Wine,
Let no Man at this *Hea*'th repine,
To *JAMES* the great I'll drink off mine,
He knows both *Sword* and *Scepter.*
Wen Madneſs did make *Brittain* dance
The Tragedy of baſe Miſchance
His Practice did his Parts enhance,
And was compleat ſtill after.

VIII.

Honeſt Fellow live content,
Kindly take what GOD hath ſent,
Think what way to pay thy Rent,
And ſtrive to flye no higher.
He's a Fool (at any rate)
Medl'th with Affairs of State;
He'll repent when 'tis too late,
And ſay that I'm no Lyar.

IX.

Fear the LORD, *Honour* the KING,
Submit to Fate in (every thing)
Do thy buſineſs and ſing,
And never think on ſorrow.
In private Eat thy *Hony* Comb,
Kiſs thy Wife when thou'rt at home;
Never think on what may come,
For none hath ſeen to *Morrow.*

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